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Early History of Music in Germany.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. W. FINK.

The very first authentic accounts of the Germans mention their having music among them. Tacitus ascribes to them old songs, which they sang in honor of their gods and heroes. They loved music not only in their holy groves, in their battles, and assemblies of the people, but also at their festive meals. With them, too, as with all other nations, poetry seemed to be older than prose, that could lay any claim to art; in fact, this is natural. Arentinus says, in his writings, that he had found in public libraries some copies of very old songs of the Germans, and promises to publish them; but this never has been done, and probably now never will be done. Genuine ancient melodies are not preserved, and we cannot therefore form an idea, that could lay claim to any historical credit, of the peculiar character of their music. We can only conjecture that, most probably, the songs of the ancient Germans may have in their melody conformed to the norm of the Keltic songs which were generally prevalent in ancient times. The art of music took in Germany at first the same course which it took in all other countries, that is, it was distinguished more by its power of rhythm than by the beauty of its tones, which only at a later period was added. They may have cultivated the tone, even less, for instance, than the ancient Scots.—This is proved by the many descriptions by old authors of the music of the Germans.

It appears to have been rather a loud cry or noise, made effective by rhythm, that power which even now must be numbered among the first in music, than properly singing. Evidently the warlike character of the ancient Germans valued force of tone, or rather sound, higher than its beauty. This is proved by their habit of holding their shields before their mouths, in order to make their war-cry more formidable and strong; by their numerous noisy instruments, among which drums and cymbals are best known; even by the form of their horns, which were made only for one or a few tones, that powerfully penetrated into the woods, and were used to call the people together. A golden horn of this kind was in 1836 discovered in Holstein. It is doubtful whether the Bardiet, or, as others call it, Barrit, brought lately into notice again by Klopstock, was properly a war-song, or whether it was merely a rough war-cry. We may certainly assume, that the ancient Germans had their singers (poets), but they must have been different from the bards of the Kelts, although there are traces of similarity between them, and even the Keltic harp has been probably among them. But we will stop no longer at this period, which is so entirely dark in regard to music.

The oldest German poems, collected and published by the brothers Grimm, are from the eighth century; from a time, therefore, where things must have had already a very different aspect among the Germans. The introduction of Christianity and of the Latin church songs altered their music so much, that later accounts do not give us any information or lead us to any conjectures of their previous music.

Since this introduction, the Germans showed much talent for music, especially for instrumental music. St. Bonifacius had done the most for it, especially by his founding, in 744, the abbey of Fulda, which began very soon to foster church music and to domesticate the Gregorian chant in Germany. But although great pains were taken with it, this kind of music did not suit German throats very well in the beginning.—And this furnishes one proof more, how different the popular singing of the ancient Germans was

from that of the Roman church; for otherwise the Germans showed at that time even much more talent for music than the French. In common life, their customary songs retained for a long while the ascendancy; the people continued to sing their heroic songs, their mocking, and their devil's songs, which latter were often sung over the graves of their dead, probably in order to expel the evil spirits. From these times, too, nothing is preserved. Even of the collections of songs, made by Charles the Great, not a vestige is left. However the greater acquaintance with the Romans, the travels of many Germans to Rome, partly for the very purpose of making themselves acquainted with the state of music there, and especially with their church music, must necessarily have had some influence on their secular songs; and the schools in the cloisters and the love to newly-introduced or improved instruments must have increased this influence. Rhabanus Maurus, a pupil of Alcuin, since 813 abbot of Fulda, had particularly done much to promote church music, which he was very fond of. He counted music among the seven liberal arts, and thought that there ought to be no worship without it. But the liberal arts were only in so far considered useful, as they contributed to the greater splendor of the church service. One of his pupils was John, a monk of Fulda, who is said to have been the first among the Germans to compose the music to church songs.

The principal establishments for music, like the abbey of Fulda, were at Eichstadt, Wurzburg, Reichenau, St. Gallen, Hirschau, Hirschfeld, Corvay, Regensburg, Weissenburg, Mainz, Trier, and others; yet Fulda always was the most important; and this learned monastery became a sort of missionary establishment. All the old chroniclers inform us, that these institutions very generally spread the love of song throughout Germany; but they do not inform us of the distinguishing characteristics of this song. We think the opinion of some writers erroneous, who ascribe to the above-named John composition in parts, it being said of him, that he had composed music "*variâ modulatione*."

Although we have no sufficient accounts of the condition of German music of those times, of its intrinsic character, or its difference from that of other nations, yet we are safe in stating that love of music was very prevalent. They had, soon after the introduction of organs into France, and thence into Germany, improved so much, that pope John the VIIIth (872 to 880) requested Bishop Hanno of Freysing, in Bavaria, to send him to Rome a good organ and an artist capable of building and playing on it. The Germans equally excelled in the playing of trombones, horns, and trumpets. Yet all this does not assist us in getting an insight into the spirit of the music of those times. It is even not yet sufficiently clear, how much Notke has forwarded the art by the composition of his Sequences, which were afterwards adopted by the popes. Who knows anything of the character or the songs of the famous nun Roswitha? We know as little of her compositions; and it is, therefore, singular to speak of the high musical talents of the poetess of Latin cloister dramas, as some writers do.

The improvements in the art by the monk Huebald, of Flanders, are more clearly proved. He made, after the commencement of the tenth century, a beginning, however slight, in part-music, according to our ideas of harmony. This beginning was in the main adopted by the famous Guido of Arezzo, at the end of the same and the beginning of the eleventh century; and indeed this latter has, in regard to harmony, added but very little to it. How far Germany

has any part in either of them is uncertain; for that Guido of Arezzo should have studied music in Bremen is evidently a fable. There may possibly be treatises on the music of those times still hidden in the monasteries. But, if this be the case, who will bring them to light? It would require the patronage of princes, and even with that would present great difficulties, for the notation of the melodies was very clumsy, and so uncertain, that the musicians had to learn by heart most, from the direct recitation of their masters. Singular signs for the notes, called Neumæ, were introduced; afterwards, Guido and his successors adopted the difficult solmization, and with it the tabulaturas of the most varied kind; and it was a long time before our present notes were invented or more generally introduced.

The course of their cultivation and of that of the mensural singing, is as yet equally obscure. It is proved, that our German Franco, of Cologne, was not the first inventor of the mensural singing, as he is still often considered, yet even his time of life is not yet clearly established, and of his predecessors in this art nothing is as yet known.

The whole system of mensural singing is very ingenious, and it was in the thirteenth and fourteenth century much improved by several men, as well in Germany as in France and Upper Italy. Happily there are melodies preserved from the times of our German minstrels and of the mastersingers afterwards; yet they are but slowly deciphered and made known on account of the little interest which musicians themselves take in this subject, which, one would think, would be very interesting to them. But, to judge from this apathy, a connected, clear, pragmatic history of music will, for a long time to come, be merely a pious wish. Thus much is clearly evident, that the harmonic art of song progressed but very slowly. It is an accidental, Christian, truly modern art, of which the ancients, whatever may be said to the contrary, had no idea. That this whole matter is not yet cleared up beyond any doubt, is again only the fault of the indifference of the friends of music to extensive historical researches, which would be required for it.

Formerly the Italians, who, in matters of music, claimed many things that do not properly belong to them, had, in regard of the modern art of harmony, proclaimed themselves teachers of the world, and the faithful repeated this assertion without further examination. But Kiese-wetter's historic researches "On the Merits of the Netherlands," have taught us better. Ockenheim was proved to be the head of the first school in harmony, and his pupils only brought this art into Italy. We have, however, indications of such a school before Ockenheim; indications, indeed, strong enough to amount nearly to historic certainty. Dufay is named as its head, though probably not its founder; and probably there has been a beginning, however deficient, before him. It is at least fully ascertained, that already, in the thirteenth century, tolerably good compositions in parts are found, and which were much improved in the fourteenth century. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the art of counterpoint flourished to such an extent, that the most difficult and intricate combinations of music in many parts were prominent characteristics in all the music of that time, and only these combinations in canons and fugues of the most varied kind were considered, but melody and sentiment entirely neglected. These arts created great excitement, however little taste there was in them. Germany and Italy appropriated them to themselves, gaining thus much by over-

coming harmonic difficulties. Indeed, more was achieved by it than is now generally conceded, for the new harmony was thus perfectly brought under command, and it was the more easy afterwards to combine it with expression and characteristic sentiment.

It would be much against the German character, if they had not eagerly taken up these lucubrations. They did so, and soon acquired a mastery in it, without however entirely neglecting their popular music. The excellent cantors in Germany performed already in the fifteenth century much figured music, especially motettos. In the main time, the organ was improved to the true giant instrument which it now is, by the German invention of the pedal. This was done by Bernard, the German, whose life is as yet obscure, about the year 1440 or 1450.—After this time the art of music rose to such a height in Germany, that it could boldly step into the lists with all other nations, and in the choral it stands far before any of them. This great improvement in the choral we owe to the enthusiasm and the talent of Luther, who not only practised music himself in his own house, but who also had intimate connection and intercourse with the best composers of his time. His aim was to elevate by his advice, his own example, and by encouragement, the music in churches and schools, and to adapt it more and more to the glory of God and the enjoyment of man. Eager for the improvement of this branch of the art, he took the best choral melodies from the treasure of the sect of the Bohemian Brothers, for the benefit of his new church, and he had them harmonized by German masters, which doubled their power. He and others composed new ones, and thus the 16th and 17th century produced the most beautiful choral melodies extant among the Germans.

These choral melodies are among the most exalted flowers of our German art; they have never been surpassed and probably never will be. Their influence on the people was so great that even the heads of the Roman Catholic Church found it necessary to subject their liturgy to a serious correction, to which object Palestrina lent his aid. And yet they were far from attaining what was effected in Germany by these simple, but expressive choral melodies. Almost every cantor knew how to write his choral and church music well; and he considered it an obligation, connected with his office, to do so. They were generally composed to the glory of God, and for the use of the congregations, not for worldly honor or gain. This is the reason why we possess so many of the most precious church melodies, of whose composers we cannot find out the names; and a good many names, which we have, are rather those of later harmonizers than of their original inventors.

The music printing establishments, which were, since 1520, established in Germany, the Netherlands and France, after the invention of moveable types by Ottavio Petrucci, were also of great importance for the improvement of the art. During the last quarter of the fifteenth century Adam de Fulda, also a musical writer, Stephan Mahn and Herman Finck had distinguished themselves as composers. Paul Haffheimer, in Vienna, was a far-famed organ player. Organists and singers stood in higher esteem, than instrumentists, the latter forming a separate guild. Yet instrumental music began even in those times, especially in Germany, to improve; and several instrumental virtuosos were celebrated, for instance, Conrad Paulmann. Music printing being more eagerly pushed in Leipzig, Augsburg, Nuremberg and Wittenberg, good composers increased, although they were not yet taken notice of out of their own country, or even by the principal courts of Germany. The names of Benedict Ducis, Sixtus Dietrich, Adam Renner, Hulderich Bratel, Thomas Stolzer, Martin Agricola, Jos. Stahl, Jos. Walther, Ludwig Senfl and others are celebrated, and can compete with the most famous foreigners of those times. The last named of these men, who was highly esteemed by Luther for his motettos, has been underrated by modern writers, and merely

ranked with inferior Netherland masters on account of his stiffness. We must confess that we possess works by Senfl which we value among the best of his times. This stiffness was the general character of the times and manifested as much in foreign as in German compositions. It was the remnant of the counterpoint artifices of the Netherlanders, and its effect would be singularly elevated, as it were Gothic, if we only knew how to perform it in the full power of song. This style only gradually changed in Germany and Italy. In Germany, Jacob Gallus, Melchior Vulpus and Michael Praetorius were particularly active in it, and they may be well placed by the side of any foreign composers. Indeed they want only to be extolled as much by their less enthusiastic countrymen, as the Italians are by theirs, to be more eagerly studied and more fully appreciated.

Unfortunately the thirty year's war came over Germany and destroyed not only all our external prosperity, but also, as far as it was possible in Germany, that of the art, at least in its public manifestations. For the love of the art had only retired mourning and in silence; in the hearts of the unhappy people it continued to live comforting and effective. One branch only greatly improved in those times; the march was much cultivated and rose in its expressive, effective character, high above that of other nations. So far the music of the Germans had mainly leaned towards the holy, towards the church. The German popular song, the German dance, however, had not been neglected. But in those unhappy times the latter was hushed, the love for the sacred in art was not entirely buried. In the midst of all the misery we find reminiscences of their old pious power; but they were overlooked in Germany, on account of the general distress; in foreign countries, especially in Italy, because a new music, or a new secular application of it, had created the greatest interest.

The opera had been created in Italy and had been eagerly patronized by the courts. Its reputation had even spread to Germany through all the confusion and miseries of its war. Martin Opitz had translated Rinuccini's opera; Henry Schütz (Sagittarius), chapel-master in Dresden, had composed the music, and it was produced 1627, at a court celebration on the Dresden stage. Thus the beginning of the opera in Germany is much earlier, than was formerly believed. But it is very natural, that it could not spread much during the war. To this circumstance we must ascribe it, that nothing has been published of Schütz's music, which is the more to be regretted, since a comparison between the first Italian and the first German opera would be very interesting. The opera having been used originally in Italy to increase the splendor of court festivals and therefore having been brought out with great pomp, this fashion was after the war imitated by the German courts. But instead of applying to German artists, they turned, as is but too often the case in Germany, to Italy, and took from that country not only the music of the operas, but also chapel-masters, singers, nay even the instrumental musicians. They were so partial to Italian music, although at that time it was by no means yet very excellent, that no German music found favor at the courts, unless it appeared in imitation of Italian models; and this many composers were not willing to do. However, whoever wanted to find court favor, had to submit to it. In Vienna and Berlin, the reigning families took, themselves, an active part in the performance of Italian operas admitting however, with the exception of necessary musicians, nobody to them but those who had access at court. The Italians themselves admit the great advantage, which they had from this fashion in Germany, in external means, and by it also in the means for the promotion of the art. Thus the German artist was for a period kept back by his own countrymen; but he could not be altogether suppressed; not even in the opera. While the Italians had cause to envy the splendor of the Italian theatre in Dresden, by far exceeding that of their own theatres, men rose, especially in Saxony, accommodating themselves so adroitly

to the favorite manners of Italy, that they were admired, even in Italy itself. It went so far, that all distinguished German composers were called Saxons in the musical peninsula, especially since Hasse acquired his fame in this way. In Hamburg, among others, Reinhard Kayser had distinguished himself as composer of operas. The number of his operas is so great, that he, in this respect, excels all opera composers; but he excels also in his inventive powers the famous Lully, who was at his time so exceedingly extolled and so splendidly rewarded. Kayser is certainly not sufficiently esteemed by his own countrymen. Germany has in this field also attained always a rising elevation, while Italy has sunk lower.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Curiosities of Criticism.

No. I.

My dear Journal,

When D'Israeli wrote his "Curiosities of Literature" it is a pity that he did not give a special chapter or two to Musical Criticism as it is often presented to us in the newspapers; with his ability and keenness of perception he could have made those chapters racy, and might perhaps have had a wholesome influence on the hundreds of scribblers who wield such powerful pens now, powerful in so many different ways, and too often alas! powerfully ridiculous. But since he has not thus favored us, and it has (thus far at least) not been my good fortune to find the subject elsewhere distinctively treated, perhaps an informal discussion thereof by even so humble a pen as mine may not be uninteresting to your readers.

On the banks of the Hudson there is a village called Y.—, a village of no mean proportions nor mean characteristics that I am aware of, if I except the exorbitance of hack-drivers (but they are past praying for, all over the world!). This village is most beautifully situated, on a long gradually rising hill towards the Northeast, and opposite to the famous Palisades, so that almost every house can command a lovely view, each one being built a little higher or lower than its neighbor.

This famous spot used to boast of two newspapers, the *Examiner* and the *Herald*, but latterly (the increase of the population seeming to call for it) another paper was started, rejoicing in the modest and unassuming title of *The Clarion*, but whether on account of the loudness of its voice, the clearness of the tones enunciated, or the musical proclivities of its editorial corps, I have never yet heard. My own opinion however inclines to the latter, for two reasons. One is that, although a "Clarion," the inhabitants in its immediate vicinity seldom hear its sounds, and its tangible music must be of that anomalous kind which is not heard near by, but afar off (a very peculiar sort, as you can readily imagine, and one quite new to the student of acoustics!); the other reason is because of a late notice of a certain concert, and which notice has been the stimulus of my commonly sluggish pen in the present instance. This *feuilleton* opens with the announcement that the concert was "one of the grandest of the season," not mentioning where, so of course we are bound to suppose it was one of the grandest in any place in or about New York, of which this village is a suburb; and since the concert was given by an amateur Quartet Choir, assisted by a cidevant Ethiopian vocalist, and a second-class pianist, the reader can fully estimate its probable "grandeur."

2. "The hall was crowded with the wealth, beauty, fashion and talent of Y. and vicinity. This suggested to me that there might have been added: 'the amiability, the benevolence, piety and urbanity of that blessed place, at least most assuredly the long offering, forbearance and endurance' thereof, (it did not last longer than eleven o'clock!) Thus you

perceive that the wealth, beauty, fashion and TALENT of the place were present, he must have meant in the audience, for it could not have been on the stage!

3. "The villages of R. and H. were well represented and joined in the hearty applause which greeted the talented performers." So those too other happy towns "joined in the applause," did they? This certainly seems a fact in the history of Gazeteeing well worthy of being recorded. Thompson ought to be about. Mercy! just think of three towns applauding at once! it must indeed have been a grand concert; not only "one of the grandest," but decidedly the grandest of the grand.

4. But our enthusiastic chronicler is still more to be envied in his delightful experiences, for he assures us that "if he was inclined to criticism, (which it seems he was not) he would refrain" (a most lucky thing for the performers, it is true!) "for none but a universal grumbler could utter a word of fault." Must not that have been a concert! Ah! let all the musical instantly emigrate to that favored village in which they get up such heavenly musical feasts! My dearest journal, you should have been present to appreciate the truth of that asseveration! But I proceed.

5. "Miss G's singing was unexceptionable; her sweet voice with its musical notes never sounded to better advantage. She was several times loudly encored." I think you will agree with me when I say that "unexceptionable" singing is a rare thing; how happy then was that audience! A sweet voice with unmusical notes, it seems to me would be a remarkable voice, but our friend must have known of such a *lusus naturæ*, for this voice was "sweet" and besides that possessed musical notes. A "sweet voice with its musical notes." We must remember that. She was moreover "loudly encored." Now I feel like inquiring if anybody was ever encored in any other way.

6. Messrs. McP. and V. received a good share of the loud applause, the deep base (Bass) voice of the former eliciting the admiration of all present." How base a taste they must have had! But perhaps our critic really thought it was a base Bass voice, but did not want to say so for fear of being considered an "universal grumbler." And did any one receive the soft applause? But the best of all is his remark about a Baritone. It is truly refreshing since it certainly opens a new field for vocal display not only in single notes but in "chords," I quote:

7. "Mr. T. electrified all with his musical power, and well seemed to sweep the chords of the sublime and the ridiculous with a master hand." I this writer is not a poet, I should like to know who is! He ought to occupy the same part of Paradise assigned to the genius of the *Sunday Mercury*, (whom I propose to discuss in another paper). A voice "sweeping chords" and that with a "hand!" I should truly think it would be enough to "electrify" any audience! Then remember that that voice is a Baritone, and surely your readers will pardon an entire lack on my part of expressions of surprise adequate to the occasion. Our genius proceeds: "His Bonnie Dundee struck the heart of his audience, and his comic songs touched the comicality of all." I therefore ask if the heart—that wonderful heart of a whole audience, all the wealth, beauty, fashion and talent of one village added to fair "representations" of two others—if that heart was bruised by the blow which "struck" it. Or was one heart divided among so great an audience? If so, I really am puzzled on which to lavish most astonishment, the heart, or the audience, or yet upon the singing which could so affect both!

8. The discrimination of this critic in listening to the piano is also observable. Be it known, therefore, at the outset, that the pianist in question is one who is proverbially addicted to the klatter-dash-smash

school of banging, who despises so trivial a necessity as the so-called wrist motion, but does every octave, and in fact nearly every note, with a complete elbow motion. His classic elegance is therefore apparent. Of him our critic speaks thus:

"The grace (!) and lightness of his touch (O ye Gods!), the master boldness with which he sweeps the keys ("sweeps" again, so then both Baritone and Pianist must have practiced well with the broom, and, it seems, to equal purpose!) and the complete harmony of his difficult combinations, stamp him as one of the greatest of living players, and he was complimented by a beautiful bouquet." This last is peculiar again, for I have heard of a bouquet, whereas a no-quet is something new. I presume, however, it was only one of the many curious things about this remarkable concert.

But enough, my dear Journal, for the present. An apology for my prolixity should surely wind up this contribution to your columns, were it not for your well-known interest in musical news, and did I not feel confident that you always like to hear of ordinary concerts, and consequently, could not possibly object to information concerning extraordinary ones, of which latter class, I think you can by no means deny this to have been, judging from the criticism partly transcribed by your friend

TIMOTHY TRILL.

Church Music in New York.

(Another Dose of [Sunday] Mercury.)

[As a rich specimen of those "Curiosities of Criticism," which our rusticated friend above trills upon, in such *Tigre tu patulæ* style, we are tempted to copy the following. But how trill upon that which is already nothing but trills!]

CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER.

We have often, in our innocence, wondered why the poetic and gifted Bayard Taylor wrote so eulogistically and flatteringly of the German people, and their customs and manners, as he did in the *New York Mercury*, a few years ago. And we wondered still more that he should desert the fair and lovely daughters of his own bright land, and take to his bosom a blonde *fraulein* in far-off Germany. Taylor was passionately fond of Germany and its people, because he found more courtesy, social happiness, and genial fellowship there than in any other part of his travels on the continent of Europe. The way-worn traveller found brighter smiles and a warmer and more hospitable reception upon the banks of the Rhine than anywhere else through which he strayed.

The cause of our surprise at Bayard Taylor's hearty and unlimited praise of the Germans we now find to have been an entire want of association with that class of our fellow-citizens. But our experience of last Sunday—when we spent a whole day among them—brought the poet's descriptions vividly to our mind, and we are willing to heartily endorse his appreciation of their politeness, civility, and general *bon homie*.

Our business on this occasion suggested a visit to the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Redeemer, located in Third street, between Avenues A and B.

The Church of the Holy Redeemer is thoroughly and exclusively German. It is situated in a vicinity where, for miles around, scarcely none (!) but Teutons reside; therefore, this place of worship is conducted in every respect similar to such institutions in "Faderland."

The Germans are proverbial for their religious devotion, no matter to what church or creed they belong. A visit to their places of worship, and a comparison with other nationalities, will prove this assertion.

The edifice in question is generally known as "the German Church," and although its exterior is highly imposing, its quaint interior beauty is an inducement to the casual observer to enter and inspect it.

Within, it is a model of original architecture and singular design. It extends from Third street to Fourth, besides being of great depth and spacious in every respect. There are no galleries in this church, and the entire congregation, like the old Roman churches, are confined to the body, or middle, and side aisles of the edifice. Then there are massive wooden pillars, decorated and embellished, running to the ceiling, and supporting immense arches, ex-

tending from wall to wall, of a Gothic and religious character. The ceiling is painted "sky-blue," jotted with stars, which shine out in an effulgence which gives the church a decidedly picturesque appearance. In a word, it is a beautiful edifice, and reflects the most superlative credit upon pastor and congregation alike.

To the south side, elevated probably about ninety or a hundred feet above the level of the church, is the choir. It is very spacious, and the windows from the roof of the building ventilate it in such a thorough manner that the deep and stupendous (!) character of the music is comparatively given with no annoyance from the intense heat of the present season. (!)

At about ten o'clock on last Sunday morning we entered this choir, and found twenty-four robust and well cultivated voices ready to begin the musical service of the morning. There were sixteen male and eight female voices. These were evenly divided, and in proper choral style disposed of. The basses were placed at one end of the choir, the sopranos and altos at another, while the tenors occupied the centre.

Upon our *entrée* into the choir, the polite and gentlemanly vocal director, Mr. Bernard Amend, met us with outstretched hand, deeming, we suppose, that although we were a stranger, we were of the musical profession. In our brief association with this gentleman, we are compelled to state that, although he is not fluent in the use of our language, he is one of the highest toned and best-bred gentlemen we ever met. The organist, too, was smilingly ready with music-books, giving us a synopsis of the services, and aiding us in every possible manner to complete our task.

Whatever emphasis we place upon the conduct of those gentlemen, is merely actuated by the cavalier and nonchalant manner in which we have been treated by people from whom we expected a great deal better. (!) But blood will tell, and "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

In the catalogue of this majestic choir, the principal members are: organist, Mr. Ferd. Amend; Mr. Bernard Amend, vocal director; Misses Frey and Stolz, soprani; Misses Beck and Schneider, alto; Messrs. Kolbe and Jockel, tenori; and Herrs Oberle and Goettler, bassi. These numbers, it will be understood, are trebled, thus giving a full chorus of wonderful power and effect. They have a powerful organ of thirty-two stops, built by Francis Engelfried, reputed to be one of the best organ-builders of the day. Mr. Amend, thoroughly imbued with the enthusiasm of his profession, uses this huge instrument *ad libitum*, (!) indeed. He is an excellent performer, and when he gives it full diapason sway, its effect is truly majestic. Of the vocalists, it would be difficult to decide upon their respective merits.—Suffice it to say, that they are all good musicians, accomplished vocalists, and sing with accuracy of time and precision of harmony hitherto unsurpassed in our church music experience.

The Germans are proverbially a musical people, and in their performances are generally very correct. (!)

The music selected for last Sunday morning's services was G. V. Becker's Mass in C, for four voices. The German masses are generally written for concerted effect. They are less brilliant than the Italian compositions, and do not afford an opportunity for so much vocal ornamentation and embellishment as those sacred and immortal works. (!) But they are more solemn and profound, and please a certain class of religionists much better.

From the beginning of the "Kyrie Eleison" until the close of the "Agnus Dei," it was a continual tempest of harmony and melody. But when the fortissimo of tutti movements occurred, the vocal power of that choir was almost sufficient to shake the edifice. There were but a very few incidental solos or duets in this mass, and they were so brief as to debar the vocalists from displaying any remarkable efforts.

The gem of the mass was a duet at the offertory, "Ecce nunc Benedicite," by Naumann, written for tenor and bass and sang by the talented organist, Mr. Amend and Herr Oberle. At this point Mr. Amend descended from his regular position, while the elder Amend, who has presided at that organ for twelve years, played the accompaniment to the duet. It has seldom been our good fortune to hear so beautiful an execution, in a vocal and instrumental sense, for the tenor was exquisite. Mr. Amend was, for some time, the primo tenore of St. Peter's, in Barclay street, but being as skilful at the organ as in the use of his fine voice, he resigned his vocal position, and is now attached to this church as organist. He possesses a clear, musical, and sonorous first tenor voice, and his execution in the "Ecce nunc Benedicite" was faultless. Herr Oberle is a

genuine basso profundo, and sings with excellent taste and thorough artistic skill.

At the end of high mass, they perform a novel ceremony in this church. The celebrant kneels at the foot of the altar, and chants the "Angelus Domini;" after which, the entire congregation loudly intone the responses. Then the Lord's prayer is chanted (*sotto voce*), and the congregation respond unanimously and loudly. This is in accordance with the ancient Roman usage, and is, we believe, adopted in all Roman Catholic German Churches.

The afternoon, or vesper services, are begun earlier in this church than in any other of a similar persuasion. They begin at a quarter to three, and are finished at about four o'clock. They began the services with Schmidt's chants, and splendidly were they rendered. During the execution of this beautiful music, the soprano and alto had duets, and the finest choral display we have yet heard ensued. In these chants, the voices are so numerous and so thoroughly worthy of notice, that we must endeavor to concentrate their relative abilities in a few sentences. The chants were magnificently rendered, and the duets for soprano and alto were done in first-rate style.

En passant, we must say that the youthful alto of this choir possess a beautiful voice, and if it is only brought to a necessary point of cultivation, she will eventually stand at the head of her class. Look to her, Mr. Bernard Amend, for we believe she is an orphan! The sopranos are good; the tenors are delightful, especially Mr. Kelble—and Joekel, and the basses are *tumultuously majestic* (!)

The "Salve Regina," by Werner, was the next success; and "O Salutaris," by Kromer, succeeded it in vocal splendor. Then a "Tantum Ergo," by Schmidt, ensued, and brought into requisition the entire resources of this vocal constellation. The last notes of the *morceau* give a finale to the vespers, and we leave the Church of the Holy Redeemer highly delighted and thankful.

We understand that Mr. Bernard Amend, who has presided at the head of this choir for years, and has acted as principal of the Parochial School for a long period, has been mainly instrumental in bringing this choir to its present point of vocal excellence. Possessing, himself, a fine tenor voice, he has invariably requested two rehearsals each week; and although he is professionally and actively attached to law practice, and entirely independent of any emolument arising from his musical efforts, he gives his incessant attention to this church gratuitously, and his proudest ambition is to see his efforts rewarded by good results.

On festivals and set holidays they have a full orchestra in attendance, and one of Mozart's or Haydn's masses startles the pedestrian without, and fills the air with strains of solemn grandeur.

Farewell, Church of the Redeemer, and thanks for thy musical ovation!

The Philister's Reminiscence.

(From "Signor Masoni and Other Papers of the late I. Brown," by A. W. THAYER.)

A right pleasant week of this delicious September weather have I spent here in old Frankfurt on the Main. I have renewed my acquaintance with all the interesting places mentioned in "Hyperion," and have gaped, stared, approved and disapproved, in all due regard to red-covered Murray—equal to any London cockney of the first water. I have heard Roger in *La Dame Blanche*—he singing in French and the others in German—a pleasing and effective arrangement—but what a singer and actor he! And yesterday afternoon the "Cecilia Verein" gave Handel's "Messiah." A fine chorus that, and the solos good; but Handel's music never produces its full effect upon me, as performed in Germany, either owing to its translated text, or to the fact that they have not the traditions, or, what seems more probable, that the great composer had caught a certain English spirit, which his continental performers cannot feel, and consequently cannot express.

After the concert I rambled for an hour in the beautiful public grounds, which now occupy the site of the ancient fortifications of the old imperial city, and then returned to "mine inn," to take "mine ease." In the public room, sitting at a table by the window, I sipped my "schoppen" of Mosel, as lazy and comfortable and careless and easy as the finest old Philister of them all. Why not? Must I keep up my American hurry and fidget and worry and fuss, and not be contented without making myself as miserable in a quiet German inn, as in our national caravanseries? *Gott bewahr!* By and by comes in a tall, stout, rosy-faced old gentleman, who glances round the room, nods to two or three individuals, and then with a pleasant "Guten Abend!" takes a

chair at my table, and calls for his *Schoppen Wein*. Before taking his pinch, he passes me his snuff-box. Of course I return his politeness by taking a pinch myself and sneeze some six times in consequence. And then we chat as if we were old acquaintances.

Some time I must write a eulogy upon Philister life in these quiet little German inns, with their jolly old habitués playing dominoes and "sixty-six," smoking their long pipes, and sipping their wine—but not now.

Now comes in a little, black-eyed, nervous old fellow, whom the jolly old landlord receives as an honored guest, and who, after disposing of his thin overcoat, and giving his order for a cutlet and a *Schoppen Frodheimer*, comes up and shakes hands with my stout gentleman.

"Good evening, Herr Bok," says the little man.

"Good evening, Herr Rechnungsath," returns the other. "So you have come down from Melheim to hear oratorio."

"Always, when they sing Handel—my idol, you know."

"Ah, a heavenly performance!" says Herr Bok.

"Very good, very good, but the contralto singer wanted feeling. I shall never hear true feeling in that part again!" and the little man drank off his glass, sighed, nodded his head like a porcelain mandarin, and pursed up his lips as who should say "there is nothing more to be said about it"—then suddenly turned to me; "Engländer, mein Herr?"

"No, Sir," said I. "French perhaps?" "No, Sir." "Not a Russian?" "No, Sir, an American."

"So o-o-o-o! Long here?" "In Germany, some time." "You find our language rather difficult—not so?" "Yes, rather." Then again to Herr Bok, as if no such person as I were in existence—"No, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again! never! never! never!"

His cutlet came, and the little man devoted himself for the next half hour to his supper, chatting in the mean time upon all sorts of topics, changing them in the most abrupt manner, and keeping me in a constant query, whether the little man was all right in the attic.

The waiter cleared the table, brought another *Schoppen*, the little man lighted his pipe, smoked in silence a few minutes, and then addressed me again:

"No, I shall never hear that part with real feeling again. Shall I tell you the story, Herr Amerikaner?"

"It will give me great pleasure, Mein Herr," said I.

"You have heard of Thibaut?"

"Thibaut, the great civil law professor, over here at Heidelberg? Yes."

"Perhaps you may have heard of his work on the 'Purity of the Tone-Art?'"

"Yes, I have it, and Nägeli's replies to it, also."

"Nägeli me no Nägeli," said he. "Thibaut's book, that is a boon! It sets us all to singing the 'Messiah.' Ach, du lieber Gott! I was a young man then, and had studied with him and sung in the chorus in his house. When the book came out I was already in Melheim, and it made such a sensation that we formed a singing union for the study of Handel's music, and took up the 'Messiah.' There was the choir of the Cathedral, and the 'Men's Vocal Union,' and the best boy altos of the Gymnasium, and all the best amateur singers of the town. We had a hundred voices, good. In time it was thoroughly rehearsed and we prepared to sing it in public. We had a good soprano, a good tenor, and as to the bass solos, I took them myself—in those days I could sing a little myself. *Nicht wahr, Herr Bok?*"

Herr Bok nodded a very strong affirmative. The little man hummed a few bars of "Why do the nations" and, shaking his head with such a comical expression of sorrow that I could hardly keep my countenance, continued:

"But where to find a contralto for those scolding solos? Where to find a voice full, deep, and overflowing with pathos and sympathy, that could discourse adequately of the sorrows of the Son of Man! I went to Heidelberg. I wrote to Frankfurt, but in vain. I was in despair. I saw no way but to give those numbers to one of our boys, which would have secured a technically correct performance, but one as cold and unsympathetic as correct. The directors of the Society were very well satisfied with this arrangement, but it grated harshly upon my feelings. But there was no help for it."

"Well, we engaged a director and an orchestra, and appointed the day of performance, some four weeks later."

"Meantime legal business called me to a domain upon the Neckar, a day's journey from Melheim, and detained me there several days. The first night I dreamed that the day of performance had come,

and that all went well, the boy contralto and all, until at the close of the chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' the conductor looked about in vain for the boy who was to sing the next air. I could see myself standing at the head of the basses, in an excitement increasing every moment, and spreading through the chorus and orchestra, and extending to the audience below. Then the fantastic confusion of a dreadful dream followed, of which I remember nothing distinctly, and then I found myself unaccountably standing in the open air. I was upon Calvary weeping, as a female form, in a nun's dress, pointed to a cross and sang in accents of superhuman sorrow: 'He was despised and rejected of men!' As I awoke it seemed to me that I heard a faint echo of these tones dying away upon the midnight air.

"The next night the dream in substance returned, but I awoke with the first note of the nun, and heard distinctly through the open casement the voice I had so vainly sought—full, mellow, touching—chanting an evening hymn to the Virgin. As midnight struck the voice ceased."

"The next day I could hardly attend to my business. The voice haunted me. I scanned the faces of my hostess and her two grown-up daughters; two young women upon a visit from Frankfurt; the governess of the younger children. Neither of them could be the singer. I talked about the family, but could hear of no member whom I had not seen. At table I turned the conversation upon music, and in the evening we had a family concert. All took part, Poh! mere dilettantism—and yet good enough. I could have enjoyed it under ordinary circumstances. That voice was not there."

"That evening I sat at my window, and waited for the evening hymn. Five minutes to twelve—and I heard it sweetly swelling, soft and clear. I leaned out of the window, but could by no effort decide whence it came. It seemed to float downward to me, as from the heavens, pure, divine, holy. Was it of earth? I grew superstitious."

"The next day at table I made the proposed performance of the 'Messiah' the topic of conversation, and my host and his family, who had read Thibaut's work, decided at once to visit Melheim upon the occasion. I had thus an opportunity to speak of our difficulty in regard to the alto solos, and keeping the unknown songstress of the night in view, I described the person we needed. I did not speak of what I had heard directly, but saw no evidence that my description had called up any associations in the mind of any one present. It was very mysterious. The family was Roman Catholic in faith, and the priest dined with them this day. I found him an affable, agreeable man, a lover of music and particularly interested in that of the church."

"Towards evening I walked with him to a height, whence we had a glorious view of the Neckar valley. In the course of our conversation I related to him my dream, and how I had been wrought upon by the voice."

"Did you only dream this?" asked he.

"The next night and the next it was no dream," said I.

"We walked on some time in silence."

"But about this Oratorio—under whose auspices? the object of it and so forth," said he, at length.

"It is to be given in the cathedral, under the patronage of the Bishop and reverend clergy, and the proceeds are to go to the convent of Marienwalde," I replied.

"Here is the best point of view for this part of the valley," said he, changing the conversation.

"When we parted upon our return, as he bade me good night, he said: 'And you think that voice such as you need?'"

"Indeed I do—I never heard the like!"

"That night I heard no evening hymn."

"Upon reaching Melheim three days later, I found a letter from my priest, containing a request that I should send him a copy of the 'Messiah,' if one could be obtained, with the remark: '*Es ist vielleicht doch Rath zu schaffen*'—there may possibly, after all, be a way. I sent him one by the next post."

"Our rehearsals went on, a boy as usual taking the alto solos. At one of them, a week before the performance, I caught a glimpse of my priest, as he was passing out of the hall, but was unable to find him afterward. A note next morning informed me that the singer would be present. Our conductor had much to say of the necessity of her appearance at least at the final rehearsal, and I wrote to the priest to that effect. 'Fear not,' was his answer, 'she needs no rehearsals, let your orchestra be firm, all will go rightly.'

"The time of the performance came. It was a delightful afternoon, and the huge church was filled. A temporary platform had been added to the organ

Legato throughout. Take his yoke up-on you, and learn of him, for he is meek and

low-ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un-to... your souls.

tr

Cres.

Take his yoke up-on you, and learn of him, for he is meek and

p

low-ly of heart, and ye shall find rest... and ye shall find rest un-to... your souls.

mf

p

his burthen is light, his burthen, his
ay, his burthen is light, his burthen, his bur-then is
his burthen is light,
ay, his burthen, his
burthen, his bur-then is light, His yoke is ea - sy, his
light, his bur-then is light,
his burthen, his bur-then is light,
burthen, his bur-then, his burthen, his bur-then is light, His yoke is ea -
8
burthen is light, his burthen is light, his burthen, his
his burthen is light, his burthen is light, his burthen is
his burthen is light, is light, his bur-then is
- ay, his burthen is light, is light, his bur-then is

gallery, where our forces were mustered. All was ready, except our promised solo singer. The committee of the Society was at its wits' end. No one knew what to make of it. I was upon thorns. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. The conductor called the boy soloist to his side and took his place. He waved his baton, and the first performance of Handel's immortal Oratorio in that part of the land began. Overture, recitative, air, chorus and so on followed in order, and the vast audience felt them as a new revelation of the power and grandeur, the beauty and heavenly serenity of sacred music. In cities where the high mass is sung Sabbath after Sabbath by an adequate choir, the taste even of the peasant is insensibly cultivated to the extent of appreciating, even at first hearing, music which otherwise would be beyond his reach. But for an audience like that which filled the edifice now, in the habit of hearing the masses of Mozart, Haydn, and the other great composers, who have written for our church, the 'Messiah' was an aesthetic and intellectual treat of the highest order.

"We rose to sing the chorus, 'And he shall purify,' and still our expected singer had not appeared. But before we closed a form glided down the platform to the conductor's side. It was a young woman, at the most, nineteen years of age, tall and of exquisite proportions, a face not perfect in its features, but rendered inexpressibly beautiful—though very pale—by its rapt and holy expression, which spoke even more plainly than the dress and the small crucifix at her side of a life of devotion and religious contemplation.

Her appearance seemed as unearthly to me as the tones of her voice had sounded at midnight upon the domain. A single timid glance around her and upon the conductor, and from that moment she seemed, though with us, not of us. The chorus closed, and silence—that awful silence of a multitude, which finds expression in Art only in the *pianissimo* of an immense choral force—ensued for a moment. Every eye in the vast audience, every eye in the choir, was fixed upon that statue-like figure, as the momentary stillness was broken by the soft introductory chord of the organ, and the divine promise: 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son!' was recited in tones so clear and distinct, though not loud, as to penetrate into every nook and corner, floating away among the arches and vaultings of the cathedral. Each tone spoke of confidence mounting up to the certainty of perfect faith—was pervaded by the very spirit of ancient prophecy. And what divine joy, what glorious triumph, in every tone of the air which followed: 'Oh! thou that tellest good tidings!'

"As she went on, a faint flush began to overspread her pale cheeks. The spirit of the music was mastering her. It was evident enough that this was all new to her, and wrought upon her, down to the very depths of her nature.

"She closed her air, took the seat provided for her, bowed her head, and hid her face. But when we rose to sing the chorus, 'For unto us,' that climax hardly equalled in all music, she rose suddenly, stepped to the ranks of the altos, and with streaming eye and quivering lip, gave vent to the emotion which was fast overcoming her, by joining in with her noble voice. From this moment she joined in all the choruses, with a firmness and decision which added infinitely to the success of our performance. It was wonderful. When and where had she acquired such musical knowledge as enabled her to sing thus without rehearsal,—a stranger among strangers? We never knew?

"There were at length a few minutes of intermission. She sat as in a dream. No one ventured to speak to her. She was as of another world; and for the time being her very existence was but in this mighty music.

"And now came the chorus so sad, so sorrowful: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' In this she sang not, but stood with her eyes fixed upon the great crucifix suspended near the grand altar. Her emotions were becoming so powerful, her excitement so intense, that I left my place at the head of the basses, and drew near, fearing, I knew hardly what, almost expecting to see her drop—or even vanish from our view—for my imagination was wrought up to a wondrous degree, and the excitement caused by this music almost overcame my common sense—and she began to seem to me a being not of earth.

"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"No, mein Herr, I cannot describe it! She felt the agony she described. She could but with the utmost difficulty command her voice. The tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Sobs almost choked the tones. Her emotion was infectious and spread through the choir and through the church. The air

was given entire; the second part, which is usually omitted, as well as the first. Before its close tears were streaming from all eyes. She, herself, had acquired self-command as she went on, but the heart-piercing pathos of her voice lost not a jot or a tittle of its power. With the last note she gave way. We caught her as she sank back, and conveyed her to the room behind the organ. The priest was already there, and a couple of nuns, to whose care we resigned her. No, no, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again!"

Here the little man ceased, and swallowed rapidly two glasses of wine.

"But, Herr Rechnungsrath," said I, "what became of her?"

"Mein Herr," said he, "there was a mystery there. When we finished our performance, we found no one in the room back of the organ, nor has any one of us ever heard a single syllable in relation to her."

Liszt in Early Life.

(From the French).

Francis Liszt, one of the most celebrated pianists of the present age, and the most wonderful of them all, considering the difficulties which he had to overcome, was born on the 22d of October, 1811, at Rieding,* a village of Hungary, not far from Pesth. His father, who was employed in the management of the affairs of Prince Esterhazy, was a good musician, and played skillfully on many instruments. The prince made use of his talents in his chapel, where Adam Liszt contracted a friendship with Haydn, who died two years before the birth of his son. In his sixteenth year the young Liszt manifested his happy talent for music by listening attentively to his father who was playing upon the piano the concerto by Ries in C sharp minor, of which he sung on the same evening the theme and the principal melodies. From this moment he was placed at the study of the piano. The tendency of his mind to melancholy contemplation began to manifest itself a little later in his passionate taste for reading the *Renee* of M. de Chateaubriand. For nearly six months this book was not out of his hands, and he might frequently be seen while reading it, with his eyes bathed in tears. At nine years of age he was heard for the first time in public at Edeburg, and although he had been attacked by a fever at the commencement of the concert, he executed the concerto of Ries in E flat, and an extemporaneous fantasy in a manner to excite the most lively astonishment. Prince Esterhazy, who heard him at this time, made much of him, and gave him a present of fifty ducats. A short time afterwards, Liszt commenced his travels with his parents, and went to Pressburg. He found there in counts Amaden and Zopary two protectors, who combined together to insure him a pension of 600 florins (\$240) for six years, in order to aid in the completion of his education. Then began to be realized the future prosperity which the father of Liszt had hoped for his son. He carried him to Vienna, and entrusted him to the care of Czerny. But the first lessons of his master wounded the young pride of the pupil, because Czerny offered him some sonatas of Clementi which he considered as beneath his powers, and which he played with disdain. It was, therefore necessary to encounter greater difficulties, and soon he had scarcely any great enough for the young pianist in the works of Beethoven and Hummel. and in this connection we may mention that the young Liszt, finding himself one day among some artists at the house of an editor of music, who was about publishing the concerto of Hummel in B minor, he played it at first sight without hesitating. This attempt created some sensation. He was spoken of in the saloons of Vienna, and every one wished to hear the young virtuoso. The price agreed upon between the father of Liszt and Czerny, for a certain number of lessons, was three hundred florins; but when the time of payment came, the generous master refused it, saying that the success of his pupil remunerated him for all his trouble. During the eighteen months which Liszt passed under the direction of Czerny, he received some lessons in composition, also, from the old Salieri. After this time spent in studies, he gave his first concert—the most distinguished artists assisted at it, and predicted for the precocious youth a glorious career. It was then that Liszt and his family directed their course towards Paris, giving concerts everywhere, and everywhere enjoying brilliant success.

The father of the young artist thought of making him enter the Conservatory, and of entrusting him

* This date appears to have been furnished by M. Liszt himself; I think, however, that the documents which have come to me from Vienna, and which fix the birth of the artist two years earlier, are correct.

to the care of Cherubini for counterpoint; but his foreign habits opposed an obstacle to this project, which even the recommendations of M. de Metternich could not remove. Liszt arrived at Paris about the commencement of the year 1823; he was heard during this season in many concerts at the opera, and produced as much astonishment as pleasure.—He did not seem merely like one of those infant prodigies, of which we have seen many examples since that time, but like a musician already remarkable for his correctness as well as his brilliant execution. His improvisations were not rich in new ideas; but they indicated in their author a rare knowledge of effect, and much sang-froid in the conduct of the plan. We shall soon be unable to speak any more except of the *petit Liszt*, and this manner of speaking has become so familiar, that he is thus designated even now at Paris, although he has attained the age and stature of a man.

Notwithstanding his success, his piano studies were continued under the severe direction of his father, who obliged his son to play every day twelve fugues of Bach, and to transpose them upon the spot into all the keys; and it is to this labor that Liszt is indebted for his prodigious power in the reading and execution at first sight, of every kind of music, however difficult. In the month of May, 1824, he went to London with his father; and his success was no less at the court of George IV., than at Paris, whither he returned in the month of September of the same year. He there resumed his studies, and began to compose. The following year, in the month of April, the father and son returned to London, and reaped in many concerts the abundant harvest due to the admiration which the talent of the young artist inspired. On his return to Paris, Liszt was urged by his father to write some sonatas, fantasies, variations, and even an opera of *Don Sanche*, or *le Chateau de l'Amour*, which was represented at the Royal Academy of Music, on the 17th of October, 1825, and to which the public listened with indulgence, on account of the interest attached to the name of the young musician. In the month of February, 1826, Liszt removed from Paris with his family, for the purpose of visiting the principal cities of France. His concerts at Bordeaux, and afterwards at Toulouse, Montpellier, Nismes, Marseilles and Lyons, were a series of triumphs for him.

Until this time, however, he had learned composition by instinct and observation rather than by progressive and systematic studies. He now felt the necessity of being better instructed in this art.—Reicha took upon himself the care of directing him in his labor, and made him commence a course which, I believe, was never finished, because the sentiments of the mystical and contemplative devotion began then to penetrate the soul of the young Liszt. In their progress, these sentiments inspired him with a disgust for the art which to this moment had caused him restraint rather than true enjoyment. Resisted by his father, his new inclination was made only to increase; and, in order to withdraw him from too premature meditations, he was made to travel, and, for the third time, he visited England, after having passed through Switzerland, as far as Berne. It was on his return from this journey to London that Liszt lost his father, at Boulogne. Then commenced for him the period of the liberty and disposition of his faculties—a good fortune, which he ought to appreciate so much the more, after his grief had subsided, from never having until then known anything but the despotism of a will stronger than his own. "Poor child, by whose precocious skill they had profited, he had come into the countries of strangers to seek that tribute of admiration which was paid to his age; and it is truly wonderful that, subjected to this severe test, his youthful vanity had not caused his talent to fall off, as has happened to so many others. Fortunately, however, the love of the art was as powerful in him as the thirst of fame was ardent; and when he was able to direct himself, he learned, in the midst of his irresolutions, that to give to the man success in proportion to that which the youthful prodigy had acquired, it was necessary for him to realize more wonders than another, and his courage did not recoil before the labor which it was necessary to make in order to attain this end. Persevering practice appeared to him necessary in order that no difficulty might arrest him, and that his fingers might be always ready to produce, without restriction, every thing that his head could suggest to him. From that time his life was retired—for many years, he was not heard any more, and when he reappeared, it was to create astonishment by the incomparable velocity of his fingers, by their skill in conquering all difficulties, and by their aptitude for the expression of every tone."

A severe disease, his recovery from which lasted almost two years, took him unawares, in the midst

of his labors; and this contributed to the development of the religious tendency of his mind. His devotion became rigid, and the frequenting of the churches occupied the greater part of his time. But he was suddenly observed to break through his mystical habits, to re-enter the world, and to resume his accustomed manners. It is thus that frequent variations have caused themselves to be observed in his tastes in everything, and have testified to the fickleness of his feelings and opinions—even his talent has by turns assumed different characters. Notwithstanding the success of the enthusiasm which he obtained every time that he was heard, it might be observed, in the frequent variation of his system of playing, that he was not satisfied himself, and that uncertainty always agitated his mind. He has been censured for giving up too much to the mechanism of his fingers; but he wished to prove that he had in him a fire of ardent inspirations, and he set himself to extemporizing a sort of fantasies upon the works of the most celebrated composers, considering them only as a sort of theme, which he would vary and modify at his pleasure.

(To be continued.)

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the London Musical World, Aug. 2.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Crowded houses and no change since our last. On Saturday *Don Giovanni*, on Monday *Roberto il Diavolo*, on Tuesday *Il Barbiere*, on Thursday *Le Prophète*, and last night the *Sonnambula* were performed. *Dinorah* has been postponed until Tuesday, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Faure, and for the same reason *Le Prophète* was substituted for *Guillaume Tell*, which had been promised for Thursday. One might have thought the postponement of *Dinorah* unnecessary, inasmuch as Signor Graziani, the original representative of Hoel, in London, was at Mr. Gye's disposal. *Mosaniello*, which was to have been produced this evening, is now put off till Thursday, and *Il Ballo in Maschera* substituted in its place. The last performance of *Guillaume Tell* is announced for Monday—M. Faure willing.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The "regular season," as Mr. Mapleson terms it, came to an end on Saturday night with Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, cast as it has hitherto been, and with Mlle. Titiens as Alice. Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather the house was crowded. At the conclusion of the opera the National Anthem was sung.

A series of "eight farewell performances," at cheap prices—or, to use the official language, "a graduated reduced scale of prices of admission, without the restriction of evening costume," have been commenced. The first of these took place on Tuesday night, when *Norma* was repeated, with Mlle. Titiens as the Druidess; on Wednesday *La Zingara* (the Italian version of Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*), with Miss Louisa Pyne and Mlle. Trebelli, Mr. Santley, Sig. Vialletti, and Sig. Giuglini in the characters of Arline, the Gipsy Queen, Arnheim, Devilshoof, and Thaddeus (a performance of which we must defer speaking); and on Thursday *Il Trovatore*, with the usual cast. To-night *The Huguenots*.

Signor Schira's *Niccolò de' Lupi*, we are informed, made so highly favorable an impression at the first band rehearsal, that it is now, determined not to bring out the opera during the "cheap nights," but to reserve it as an attraction for the ensuing season. We think this step in every sense judicious. A new descriptive ode, entitled *Italia*, the composition of Signor Giuglini, is in preparation, and will be performed on the occasion of this popular singer's benefit.

EXETER HALL: HERR SCHACHNER'S ORATORIO.—A better execution of an oratorio we have very rarely heard: and, considering that this was the first trial of an entirely new work, the greatest possible credit is due to Mr. Alfred Mellon, and to the singers and players under his control. The orchestra,—chiefly, we believe, from the Royal Italian Opera, (with no less distinguished a musician than Herr Molique as leading violin)—was magnificent; the chorus, between 500 and 600 strong, the majority from Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society, was one of the freshest, most vigorous, and (still more important) most capable that has taken part in an oratorio for years, whether in London or at the country festivals. The principal singers were Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Laura Baxter, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss; and as all these eminent artists sang in their very best style, the perfection with which the solos and concerted pieces were given may be readily imagined.

About the oratorio itself we must at present refrain from offering a decided opinion. The subject—*Israel's Return from Babylon* (which also supplies the name)—is not very promising at the outset; and, as there is no story, and consequently no dramatic interest, it comes—like the *Song of Moses* (the second part of *Israel in Egypt*) and the *Creation*—under the category of the "didactic." Now, the sublime genius of Handel was required to illustrate the recapitulation of the miracles of the *Exodus*, the graceful fancy of Haydn to invent music for the successive wonders of the "cosmogony;" and although in the deliverance of the Jews from Babylon, Herr Schachner has set himself a far less arduous labor, the manner in which the book is compiled (from Scripture and other sources) places him in exactly the same position as Handel and Haydn, with hardly the capacity of either to maintain it triumphantly. Since, however, this arrangement of the materials at disposal is due to Herr Schachner himself, if at times the progress of his oratorio flags, he enjoys at least this advantage—that he may attribute it to the book, without offence to anybody. *Israel's Return from Babylon* is divided into four sections—"The Captivity," "The Deliverance," "The Reconciliation and Return to Zion," and "The Promise and Song of Praise." How each of these departments has been treated by Herr Schachner we may have another opportunity of examining. At present it is our agreeable task to record the unanimous favor with which the oratorio was received, and the hearty approbation bestowed upon almost every piece. The applause began with the *contralto solo*, "Fallen is thy throne, O Israel," immediately following the orchestral introduction—an impressive example of vocal declamation on the part of Mad. Laura Baxter. This was the chief "sensation-point" of the first section ("Captivity"). At the commencement of the second ("Deliverance") Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Sims Reeves were conspicuously prominent; and the alternation of two such voices—whether employed simply in recitative, or in the more measured and rhythmical divisions of the *aria*—would, under any circumstances, have aroused an audience to enthusiasm, as was the case on Wednesday night. A very lively chorus, "Sound the loud timbrel," splendidly executed, kept up the excitement thus created; and, as this included a declamatory solo for Mlle. Titiens ("Praise to the Conqueror"), its effect was all the more extraordinary. A duet for tenor and bass (Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss), one of the best things in the work, and declaimed with singular emphasis by the two singers, was the other point of the second part. In the third ("Reconciliation and Return to Zion") occurs the gem of the oratorio, a duet for soprano and tenor, "Hark! 't is the breeze," in which the voice parts (to speak technically) are treated in canon, each phrase allotted to one being strictly and literally imitated by the other. This was given by Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Sims Reeves to absolute perfection, and won an encore as enthusiastic as it was unanimous. An *aria* for Mad. Laura Baxter and an air for Mr. Weiss—both interesting and both remarkably well rendered, were the other solo exhibitions that elicited marked attention in the third part, which also comprised a chorus, "Go forth to the Mount," more ambitious and developed with greater ingenuity than any that had preceded it. In the fourth part ("Promise and Song of Praise") the most striking feature was an air, with chorus (solo by Mlle. Titiens), directly preceding the chorus and chorus ("Praise to the Lord") with which the oratorio terminates. This, grandly delivered, raised unbounded applause. At the end of all, in obedience to a generally expressed desire, Herr Schachner, composer of the new work, made his appearance in the orchestra, and was vociferously cheered. Then there was a loud call for Mr. Alfred Mellon, who, nevertheless—legitimate as was his claim—did not respond to the summons.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—The Grand Ducal Theatre closed a short time since. During the season the following operas were performed: *Die Kinder der Haide*, by Rubinstein; *Robert le Diable*; Gounod's *Faust*; *Die Zauberflöte*; Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*; *Le Prophète*; *Die Sualnixe*, by Kauer; *Lohengrin*; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt*; *Fra Diavolo*; *Tannhäuser*, and *Don Juan*, which masterpiece brought the season to a close.

STUTTGART.—(From a Correspondent.)—From the annual report of the season of 1861-62 at the Theatre Royal, we learn that on eighty-six evenings that the theatre was opened for opera, forty-two works of twenty-three different composers were performed; thirty-nine works, by twenty-two composers constituting the entire entertainments on eighty-one evenings, and three operettas, by three composers,

forming, on the five remaining evenings, only a portion of the programme, which was completed by a short farce, play, or ballet divertissement. Of Auber, five operas were performed on eleven evenings; of Mozart, four operas on seven evenings; of Meyerbeer, three operas on seven evenings; of Flotow, two operas on six evenings; of Lortzing, two operas on six evenings; of Verdi, three operas on six evenings; of Gounod, one opera (*Faust*) on six evenings; of Rossini, three operas on five evenings; of Abert, two operas (*König Enzo*, three times, and *Anna von Landskron*, once) on four evenings; of Méhul, two operas on four evenings; of Offenbach, two operas on three evenings; of Donizetti, two operas on three evenings; of Halévy, one opera (*La Juive*) on three evenings; of Benedict, one opera (*Die Kreuzfahrer*) on three evenings; of Beethoven, one opera on two evenings; of Boieldieu, one opera on two evenings; of Marschner, one opera (*Hans Heiling*) on one evening; of Kreutzer, one opera on one evening; of Bellini, one opera on one evening; of Gläser, one opera on one evening; of Pressel, one opera on one evening; and of Grisar, one opera on one evening. Of the above thirty-nine operas, the following were new: Gounod's *Faust*; Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*; Abert's *König Enzo*; Auber's *Gustave*, and *Maçon*; and Benedict's *Kreuzfahrer*. Of the operettas, the following was new: Offenbach's *Lied des Fortunio*, and revived, at least after the lapse of a generation, Méhul's *Schatzgräber*. With reference to dramatic productions, works by the following authors were performed, namely: Shakespeare, eleven times; Mad. Birch-Pfeiffer, eight times; Benedict, eight times; Feldmann, seven times; Scribe, six times; Gutzkow, five times; Raupach, three times; Göthe, four times; and Schiller, four times.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 30, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Musical Instruments in the International Exhibition.

V.

Having disposed of the English, French, Belgian and American piano-fortes, M. Fétis casts a glance over the contributions in that kind from other European countries, beginning with those from Austria.

"Here," he says, "I find in the first line Herr Streicher, author of a particular mechanism with simple *escapement*, being essentially the system generally known under the name of the Vienna action. His work is well made; all the pieces of the mechanism operate with precision, and their *ensemble* has the conditions of solidity. The tone is large, and the keys are of an easy touch. All the other Viennese makers, that is to say Bösendorfer, Ehrbar, Potje, Schneider and Cramer, present the Viennese action in their instruments without exception. They all, too, limit themselves to the manufacture of a single kind of instrument, namely, the grand concert piano. None of the varieties of the upright pianos are in common use in Austria; the grand piano is the only one that is known there. Cheapness is the condition that is imposed on the makers of this kind of instrument: the ordinary price is from 500 to 550 florins (\$250 to \$275). However low the price of manual labor, it would be impossible to establish, for so moderate a sum, instruments that should demand the finish and solidity of good English and French mechanisms. The wood commonly employed for the case is either walnut or ash. Ehrbar is the only one of the makers just named, who has exhibited, as a sort of curiosity for his country, an upright piano with an action similar to that of Woelfl of Paris. The touch is rather heavy; but the tone is sing-

ing, and the basses are remarkable. Cramer has exhibited a grand piano in walnut, of which the price is only about 1100 francs (\$220). The sound is pleasing, clear, and metallic."

"M. Bereghszasi, of Pesth, is one of the best piano makers in the Austrian states. It will be remembered that he obtained a medal of the first class at the *Exposition Universelle* of Paris, in 1855, for a grand piano, of which the quality of tone was not very intense, but remarkable for sweetness and clearness. His mechanism was at that time the Viennese. But it is not so with the instrument which he has put into the Exhibition in London, for there you see a modification of the English action, whereby the maker has obtained the power he lacked at Paris; but he has lost in distinction what he has gained in intensity.

"Outside of Austria and Hungary, Southern Germany has sent nothing to the Exhibition in the way of pianos; I have found there nothing from Bavaria; nothing from Bohemia. Under the name of the *Zollverein* (a free trade league between a certain number of German States), the productions of Saxony, of Prussia, of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, the grand-duchy of Baden, the free city of Frankfort, and the Rhenish provinces are classed in one single category at the London Exhibition. Twenty-eight exhibitors figure there. Of this number, twelve alone have been judged worthy to obtain distinctions, namely: Bechstein, of Berlin; Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig; Irmeler, of the same city; Schiedmeyer and sons, of Stuttgart; Hart and Pressel, *ditto*; Hundt and sons, *ditto*, and Gerard Adam, of Wesel, for medals; and E. Mahlitz, of Berlin; Schwechten, *ditto*; Oehler, of Stuttgart; Kaps, of Dresden, and André, of Frankfort, for honorable mentions. Some of these rewards were only for merit relatively to the country of the exhibitor. As a general rule, all these makers are inferior to the French, and lack the character of originality."

"Bechstein attracted the attention of the Jury by a good concert piano, with a singing tone;—the action chiefly borrowed from Kriegelstein, of Paris.

"The manufacture of Brietkopf and Härtel is represented by all kinds of instruments, grand concert piano, square piano, and uprights with oblique strings. The heads of this great house are engaged in too vast enterprises of all sorts, in music and book publishing, to give the manufacture of pianos all the care necessary to ensure in them all the qualities to make them objects of Art. Their pianos are current products of commerce, constructed with solidity; but these are not instruments of Art; at least, they would not be considered as such either in France or Belgium. Among these instruments, I will cite a Concert Grand, with the Erard action, with dampers above and below, which has sonorous power, but in which the stroke of the hammer is heard in a disagreeable manner; a small piano of the same shape, of which the sound is short, and which has the same fault in the hammer; a square piano of large dimension and of strong sonority, but which does not damp well; and finally an oblique piano in which the action is not well managed.

"The pianos of Stuttgart are distinguished among those from the cities of the *Zollverein*."

... M. Fétis also particularizes, for various

merits, the instruments of Gerard Adam, Kaps, Schwerten, Ehler, and finally of Mahlitz, "who has seduced my colleagues by an upright piano *octaviant*, with a chime of *timbres*, in the two upper octaves."

Next come the Hanseatic cities (Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck), represented by ten exhibitors, Hamburg is more distinguished by the number of its makers than by the quality of their instruments. The names are Baumgarten, Rachals, Plass, Müller, Albrecht, Schlater, Rott, Doll and Kornigrath. In the whole list Rachals alone obtained a medal. M. Fétis is kind enough to point out the defects of others; but the lecture is probably more interesting to the makers themselves, than it would be to our readers. But, he says:

"I must not forget a remarkable grand concert piano, with the Erard action, constructed by Knake, of Munster, which is lost and isolated in an obscure corner of the Exhibition. MM. Lisajous, Pauer and myself only discovered it during the last days of our labors. A very good sonority, equal throughout the whole extent of the keyboard, distinguished *timbre*, sensitive touch, shading with delicacy: such are the qualities which we have noted in this instrument, to which a medal was awarded by acclamation."

Piano making has been a prosperous business for some time in Switzerland, especially at Zurich. MM. Huni and Hubert of that city obtained a first-class medal at the Paris Exposition in 1855, and were found equally deserving in London. Medals were also awarded to several other Zurich houses.

Holland is represented as very much behindhand in the manufacture of pianos, having sent but few specimens either to the Paris or the London Exhibition. "No distinction was awarded to them in 1855; this time, my colleagues and myself have met with but a single upright piano sent by M. Cuypers, of the Hague; it does not recommend itself by any quality."

"The North of Europe shows an activity in the making of pianos, which is wanting to the kingdom of the Netherlands. As we approach this region, we find at Uetersen (Holstein) M. Carlsen, who exhibits a grand piano of good sonority, which has received a medal; then at Flensburg (Schleswig) M. Hausen, whose upright piano, of a pleasant tone, has received the distinction of an honorable mention. In Denmark proper, MM. Hornung and Müller, of Copenhagen, present themselves in the front rank. These distinguished makers obtained a first-class medal in 1855; they have sent to London a grand piano and an upright, of a quality which entitled them in the opinion of the Jury to the only kind of medal in the competition. The same reward was given to Wulff & Co., of Copenhagen, for a square piano of good sonority."

"Turning to Sweden, M. Malmstjær, of Gothenburg, has exhibited a grand piano of a distinguished quality of tone, which was remarked by a medal. Norway even offers good specimens of the manufacture of pianos in its capital; for Messrs. Hals Brothers, of Christiania, have sent to the Exhibition a grand piano of good sonority, for which the jury have awarded a medal. M. Brantzeg, of the same city, has exhibited an upright piano with demi-oblique strings, which is not without merit.

"If we judge of the state of piano-making in Russia by a grand piano sent to the Exhibition

by M. Beck, of St. Petersburg, it has not thus far made much progress; but it will not do to pass a hasty judgment, for the jury were informed that several instruments, which were to have been sent, were kept back by the ice.

"The Southern countries are the ones, whose results in the manufacture of instruments are the least satisfactory. Spain has furnished but two exhibitors of pianos, and what they sent have obtained no distinction. In the department of Italy, three names were inscribed for the manufacture of pianos; but only a single exhibitor, Sig. de Meglio, of Naples, has sent a single grand piano with the Erard action, which has obtained only an honorable mention."

And here M. Fétis closes his survey of the piano-fortes exhibited in the Great Exhibition, expressing the belief that "he has forgotten nothing," and promising in his next letter to turn his attention to the Organs and Harmoniums. Much of the above will be but a dry catalogue to many of our readers; but it will be valuable for reference, as affording a pretty complete map, as it were, of the whole business of piano-forte making, at the present moment, throughout the world, with the important exception of America, which was only represented (favorably to be sure) by the house of Steinway & Sons.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Last Saturday's (the seventh) was on the whole the most interesting of the series. The opening overture, "William Tell," familiar as it has become, is one which wears vastly better than such things as the overture to "Martha." It had quite a stirring effect, although the orchestra was perceptibly reduced in strings; *per contra*, every one noticed a full pair of bassoons, a thing unknown in Boston since the war began!—The "Battle Overture" by Lindpaintner, was played again, having already won a welcome. In spite of the imaginative description on the programme, this overture has a good deal of power and sterling merit, being skilful and effective in the working up of its theme, "God save the Queen." The author seems to have emulated Weber's "Jubilee overture" somewhat. The delivery of single lines of the English hymn separately, with stirring interludes between them, chorally, or rather with attacking passages before each line, opens the thing strongly. Then the way in which phrases of it are mingled up in the battle picture; the relief of gayer themes entering at times (familiar sounding, and of similar character to corresponding ones in Weber's work); and the grandiose magnified reproduction of the first theme ("America," as the programme calls it,—and one may well believe that the English anthem, after going through all these contrapuntal experiences, dismembersments, recombinations, &c., might come out enough unlike itself to take the name "America") for a finale:—all this, capitably played too, told upon the audience.

For softer and more wooing strains, there was a two-part song of Mendelssohn: "I would that my love," the voice-parts sung by the two cornets of Messrs. Pinter and Eichler, and Kücken's (Abt's, we thought). "When the swallows" song, both arranged for orchestra. But Beethoven's "Turkish March" was what most bewitched the audience, and had to be repeated; this always happens with it. There was good dance music by Gung'l and Lumbye, a good "Union" march, a clever Polonaise played by a fine reed band, and the March from the *Prophète*, for a finale.

For to-night is announced the last Promenade of the series. The "Battle Overture" will be performed again.

Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON, whose rich contralto voice and fine, expressive singing will be greatly missed in Boston, has established her future residence in New York, where she has been for some time under the tuition of Mme. D'Angri. Her services as artist and as teacher will no doubt soon be greatly in demand in Gotham.

PHILADELPHIA.—Fitzgerald's *City Item* sets forth the abundance and the wholesome influence of German beer saloon concerts, in and about that city as follows:

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.—There is no opera at the Academy, and no concert at the Halls; but the season of music is not ended. Indeed, music has no season—it belongs to the whole year round. If it stops at the institutions, it commences in the parlors—if there is none in the parlors, there is an aban-

dance in the saloons. This last gives the great musical feature to our summer. The Germans could not do without music any more than without beer—hence our principal German saloons have orchestras and singers, and my beer and Meyerbeer are relished with a *bon homie* and decorum truly German, and truly creditable to the society and intellect of our foreign-born fellow citizens. It is a fact worthy of notice that where music is among our German Saloons, there prevails order, intelligence and temperance. It will astonish many to hear that classic music is given by able performers in these very saloons. Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Abt, Kücken, fragments of operas, faderland songs, and excellent instrumentation, may be heard nightly. Out in the suburbs, on the grounds of the brewers, brass bands, orchestras and summer theatres have been instituted, and large concerts in the open air, are projected—so, wherever the German goes to pass the social hour or the holiday, there music, good taste and sensible enjoyment go with him. This is what we call "music for the people," and music for the best of people, for gentlemen of all classes belong to this harmonious German democracy. This, too, is the music which we have reason to thank and be proud of when the Academy and Halls are silent, which promotes a correct sociality, and does more, doubtless, for our temperance than temperance lectures. Our German saloons do not grow upon the degradation of a few, but the enjoyment of the many; and it may be taken for an axiom that where music is, there is temperance as well as sociality. This genial musical influence is one of the best of popular influences—it refines, while it cheers, and is the moderate popular medium of sensual and intellectual pleasure. It has done much to make the dram-shop and the low saloon unpopular. It is a great part of the great versatile German influence which has done so much for the common social life of our people.

The French Orpheonists are to give a grand concert at Turin and Milan towards the end of September, probably at the time of the marriage of the King of Portugal. More than a hundred Orpheonist societies have already given in their names. By order of the Turin Cabinet, Italian steamers will convey the guests from Marseilles to Genoa. The concert will take place in Turin at the Valentino Palace; in Milan at the Scala and the Arena.

A lover of statistics has, according to the last number of the *Theater Archiv*, counted how often the exclamation "O Heaven!" occurs in Scribe's pieces. In the "*Verre d'Eau*" he found it twenty-five times; in "*La Chaine*," eighteen times. Adding up the number in the other comedies, operas and operettas, he calculated the words by lines, and found that the exclamation "O Heaven" has brought the poet just thirty thousand francs.

Negotiations are in process at Berlin for the purchase of the Beethoven papers, which were withheld from the Royal Library when the collection was first made. The heirs require that the private letters of Beethoven shall be locked up for ten years, in order to prevent the indiscretions of which we have seen so much of late. This condition is said to have been agreed to.

Burney says—"Senesino and Farinelli, when in England together, being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other, till, by one of those sudden stage revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a ferocious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains: but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage character, ran to Farinelli, and embraced him in his own."

"When the *Magnificat* was sung," says Dr. Burney, in speaking of Balbastre, a celebrated French organist, "he played between each verse several minuets, fugues, imitations, and every species of music, even to hunting pieces and jigs, without surprising or offending the congregation, as far as I was able to discover."

CHARLES MAYER, favorably known as a piano virtuoso and composer, died at Dresden, after a long illness, on July 2. He was born in 1799, at Königsberg, and, while yet a child, proceeded to Russia, his father, a first-rate clarinetist, having been for many years musical director to the Count Scherencetieff. The family then resided in Moscow, and, at a very early age, Charles Mayer became a pupil of John Field ("Russian Field"—Clementi's favorite scholar), the famous pianist. When only in his ninth year he played at public concerts. In the year 1812 his parents fled to St. Petersburg, whither Field also proceeded, so that Mayer was still able to take lessons of the latter. In 1814 he made his first professional tour, going as far as France. He then returned to St. Petersburg, where he was highly esteemed, and most liberally paid, as a pianoforte teacher. In 1847 he transferred his residence to the Saxon capital, whence he made several professional tours with the most brilliant results. As a composer and teacher of the piano, Charles Mayer was actively employed up to his death. He leaves a widow and two children, the elder of whom is 15, besides a mother 85 years old, whom he supported, but unhappily they are totally unprovided for.

The Royal Library in Berlin, in addition to its many manuscript stores of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, &c., has lately come into possession of Beethoven's Quartet instruments. The *Echo*, (a Berlin musical journal), says the library has intrusted these instruments to the skillful violin-maker, Grimm, to be repaired in the most careful manner possible, and adds: "As it is generally understood, that uninterrupted use is the best means of preserving the quality of such instruments, we have the prospect of seeing the Quartets of Beethoven executed by our first chamber musicians, and with the very instruments of Beethoven."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The *Press* speaks in complimentary terms of an organ concert given lately in that city by W. E. Thayer, organist of Rev. Dr. Hill's church, in Worcester. The programme included Bach's melodious G minor fugue, the toccato and fugue in D minor, and the celebrated one in G; choros from the *Huguenots*, and several original compositions of merit. The *Press* says:

"Mr. Thayer is certainly an organist of great promise. His fugue playing was particularly fine, and we were quite surprised at the rapid execution and the distinctness with which the subjects were rendered. He played a number of his own compositions which were greatly admired."

As a specimen of the volume of tales and sketches by Mr. A. W. Thayer, which we noticed lately, we reprint to-day one of the shortest, "The Philister's Reminiscence," which will be new to very many, although not to all our readers. In the Worcester *Palladium* we find the following appreciative notice of the book:

SIGNOR MASONI and Other Papers of the late I. Brown. Edited by Alexander W. Thayer. Berlin: F. Schneider; Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This neat little volume, with its half-foreign air, will be warmly greeted by the many friends of Mr. Thayer, the "Diary" of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, whose "Brown Papers" have, from time to time pleasantly varied his valuable contributions on musical subjects. These tales and sketches, ten in number, embody much of the author's observation of life in New England and in Germany—simple village life for the most part; and all are connected as by a silver thread, by a love of Art in its highest forms, especially the art of music.

To the young writer these tales may serve as models of their kind. They are no hasty sketches written at random; but careful, thoughtful productions, every word fitly chosen, the whole artistically conceived and executed. Material enough, some of them have, for a two-volume novel which might have been read and forgotten—a fate which will not befall a single one of these tales as written. Those who have read them as they originally appeared, will be glad to possess them in this form. To others we would say, get them and read them by all means; for a pleasanter book has not appeared for many a season. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- The Magic of Moonlight. Serenade. *E. L. Hime.* 25
Mary Mavourneen. Ballad. *Balfe.* 25
Summer is sweet. Ballad. *G. Lake.* 15

Three uncommonly fine songs. Words pretty, accompaniment easy, and sentiment, good. We can recommend them heartily to all parties desirous of adding reliable songs to their collection.

- A young and artless maiden. "Once too often." 25
The love you've slighted. " " 25
Love is a gentle thing. " " 25
There's truth in woman's style. " " 25

A selection of the best songs from a new operetta by Howard Glover, called "Once too often." The music is light and sparkling, and well calculated to please. The opera has proved very successful in London.

- The world is full of beauty. *F. Petersilea.* 25

This is a charming song, simple, short, yet full of soul and meaning, like those much admired national lays of Germany.

- Over the river they beckon to me. *Spaulding.* 22

A new musical version of that exquisite poem which a short while ago was so extensively circulated by the press. It is written in a chanting style, which agrees well with it and makes it a very impressive song.

With Guitar Accompaniment.

- Power of Love. Song from "Satanella." *Mad. Pratten.* 25
Meet me by moonlight. Duet. *Wieland.* 25
Murmuring sea. Duet by Glover. " 25

These new and excellent arrangements of popular duets, which hitherto could only be obtained with piano accompaniment, will be welcomed by many.

Instrumental Music.

- Como Quadrille. Four Hands. *D'Albert.* 50

A good, practical quadrille, strongly marked in rhythm and composed of striking melodies. Better Dance Music could not be desired.

Books.

- THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE ORGAN. A New, Progressive and Practical Method. In Three Parts. By John Zundel. 3,00

Mr. Zundel's long experience not only as an Organist but as a successful teacher is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work and of its great utility. A slight examination even of its pages will convince any one of its rare adaptation to the wants of beginners, as also to advanced players. It embodies in plain language a great fund of practical information on points in organ playing of the utmost importance to all who would become thoroughly conversant with the capabilities of the instrument, but which are seldom so thoroughly treated and so masterly explained. This "Modern School" must become the Standard Method of Organ Study.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

